THE

FORTVNATE FAREWE

to the moſt forward and noble Earle *of Eſſex, one of the honorable priuie* Counſel, Earle high Marſhal of England, *Maſter of the horſe, Maſter of the ordinance, Knight of the garter, & Lord Lieutenant general of all the Queenes Maieſties forces in Ireland.*

Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord HARRY SEAMER, ſecond ſonne to the laſt Duke of Sommerſet.

Written by Thomas Churchyard Eſquire.

Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant, for William Wood at the weſt doore of Powles.

1599

O the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer

Thomas Churchyard wisheth continuance of vertue, blessednesse of minde, and wished felicitie.

IN all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerset (vncle to the renowmed impe of grace noble King Edward *the sixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in uitall whereof euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and know- your Lordship in sea seruices forward and ready in all honorable ner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approched neere countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes nd of your noble progenie, though vnable therefore finding my e vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I ke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towardes the uice in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Fare- ll as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wished welcome home. This rewell onely deuised to stirre vp a threefold manly courage to the rcenarie multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marshall like Gene- l, and especially to mooue all degrees in generall loyally to serue our d Queene* Elizabeth, *and valiantly to go through with good reso- ion the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall louble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall booke fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordship too farre with the flou- of a fruitlesse pen, whose blandishing phrase makes many to gaze , and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to chase good will of vertuous people, what the rest thinke, let their sconstruing conceites answere their owne idle humors. This plaine esent winning your Lordships good liking, shall passe with the grea- r grace to his honorable hands, that the praiers & power of good men ites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.*

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

The happy Farewell to the fortunate and forward most noble Earle of Essex.

NOw SCIPIO sails, to Affrick far from hoem
The Lord of hoests, and battels be his gied,
Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
On Irish seas, ELIZAS ships shall ried,
A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,
Aer armd for fight, a bloedy brunt to bied,
With rebels shall, boeth might and manhoed coep
Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried:
Right maeks wrong blush, and troeth bids falshed f
The sword is drawn, TYROENS dispatch draws ny

A traitor must, be taught to know his king,
When MARS shal march, with shining sword in han
A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
Will run about, the shraep and daer not stand,
When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe,
So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,
Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe,
Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight:
When rebels see, they aer surprieſd by troeth,
Pack hence in haeſt, away the rebels goeth.

oud trecherous traſh, is curbd & knockt with bloes,
r loftie mindes, with force are beaten down,
gainſt the right, though oft rued rebels roes,
ɔt oen ſped well, that did impeach a crowne.
ad the Annaels, of all the Princes paſt,
hear treaſons ſtill, are puniſht in their kinde,
ear ſhall you ſee, when faithfull men ſtand faſt,
ſe traytors ſtill, are but a blaſt of winde:
r he that firſt, formd kings and all degrees,
e ruel of ſtaets, and kingdoms ouerſees.

ɔt and rage, this rank rebellion breeds,
ıock and ſpoyl, ſets bloudſhed ſo abroetch,
ɔethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,
hnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch:
dnes begaet, theas helhounds all a roc,
: ſons of ſhaem, and childern of Gods wraeth,
th woluiſh minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,
ow woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth:
ng liek dogs, in litter, dung and ſtrawe,
:d as bruet beaſts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.

Foſtred

Foſtred from faith, and fear of God or man,
Vnlernd or taught, of any graces good,
Nurſt vp in vice, whear falſe hed firſt began,
Mercyles boern, ſtill ſheading giltles blood.
Libertiens lewd, that all good order haets,
Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,
Cruell as kiets, deſpiſing all eſtaets,
Diuliſhly bent, boeth curriſh, ſtern and wilde:
Their whoel deuice, is rooet of miſcheeues all,
That ſeeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.

Will God permit, ſuch monſters to beare ſway,
His iuſtice haets, the ſteps of tyrants ſtill,
Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day
Which God doth ſcourge, by his own bleſſed will,
He planteth force, to fling down feeble ſtrength,
Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
Whoes cloked craft, ſhall ſuer be ſeen at length,
When vnto light, dark dealings ſhall be broght:
Sweet ciuill Lords, ſhall ſawſy fellowes meet,
Who muſt ask grace, on knees at honors feet.

Ruedne:

Luednes may range, a while in ruffling ſort,
As witleſſe wights, with wandring maeks world mues
ut when powre coms, to cut prowd practiſe ſhort,
nd ſhoe by ſword, how ſubiects Prince abues,
hen conſhens ſhall, Peccaui cry in feeld,
remble and quaek, mutch liek an Aſpin leaf,
ut when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,
he victor turns, his hed as he wear deaf:
ueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,
nd mercy ſits, with frowns in angry attier.

Vorld paſt forgaue, great faults and let them pas,
ime preſent locks, on futuer time to com,
ll aegis ſawe, their follies in a glas,
et were not taught, by time nor ſound of drom,
his world groes blinde, and neither ſees nor heers,
heir ſenſes fail, the wits and reaſon faints,
ld world is waxt, worm eaten by long yeers,
nd men becom, black diuels that were ſaints:
et Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,
nd from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

They

They com that ſhall, redreſſe great things amis,
Pluck vp the weeds, plant roſes in their place,
No violent thing, enduers long as hit is,
Falſehed flies faſt, from ſight of true mens face,
Traitors do fear, the plaegs for them prepard,
And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is ſeen,
Thogh graceleſſe giues, to duty ſmall regard,
Good ſubiects yeelds, obedience to their Queen:
In quarrels iuſt, do thouſands offer liues,
They feel fowl bobs, that for the bucklars ſtriues.

This Lord doth bring, for ſtrength the fear of God,
The loue of men, and ſword of iuſtice boeth,
Which three is to, TYROEN an iron rod,
A birtchin twig, that draws bloed whear hit goeth,
When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,
He broght hoem peace, in ſpite of emnies beard,
For IOZIAS, the Lord aboue did fight,
With Angels force, that maed the foes afeard:
The world doth ſhaek, and tremble at his frown,
Whoes beck ſoon caſts, the brags of rebels down.

Stan

tand fast and suer, false traitors turns their back,
rue subiects veaw, maeks haerbrain rebels blush,
tout heauy bloes, maeks highest trees to crack,
n armed piek, may brauely bied a push,
Vheel not about, stand stiffe liek brazen wall,
or thats the way, to win the feeld in deed,
Charge the foer front, and see the emnies fall,
he cowards brag, is but a rotten reed:
Victors must beare, the brunt of eury shock,
A constant minde, is liek a stony rock.

arewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the rest,
Vho goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
Vho sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
Vho serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
Vho dies shall liue, in faem among the best,
Vho liues shall loek, and laugh theas broils to scorn,
All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,
And curse the time, that ear TYROEN was born:
We hoep good hap, waits on the fleet that goes,
And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

FINIS.